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UNITY.

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Editorial.

At the new Jewish synagogue lately constructed at Portland, Oregon, the Rev. T. L. Eliot, D. D., read the scriptures from the vernacular.

THE *Woman's Journal* reports that the Pundita Ramabai has named her home for high caste Hindoo widows, "Sharda Sadan," or "The Home of Learning."

PROF. FORBES, in discussing the doctrine of evolution at the recent sessions of the Western Conference in Chicago, said: "It is a part of the discipline of every scientific man to learn to exercise the courage of his ignorance."

At the Council of Ministers of the New Church (Swedenborgian) held in Washington last May, it was impressively declared that the Book of Worship must be revised and enlarged. So one after another the thinking element in all the churches calls for greater latitude in creed and worship.

THE chief thing of interest in the National Convention of Teachers held the past week in Nashville, Tenn., has been a discussion on denominational schools between Bishop J. J. Keane, Catholic, of Washington City, and Edwin D. Mead, of Boston.

MR. MEAD'S "valiant blows in favor of secular education" carried the audi-

ence with him. "God is the God of Winthrop and Washington and Lincoln," he said, "as truly as of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, the God of Geometry as well as of the calendar of the saints."

A TOUCHING illustration of the human love and self-sacrifice which abide in the hearts of even the outcast and the criminal is seen in the gift of the prisoners of the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania to the Johnstown sufferers. It is said that 546 of these prisoners gave \$542.96 which they earned by working extra time at half rates.

AN eastern correspondent says of Rev. M. J. Savage: "He is popular with conservatives: they cannot do otherwise than speak well of him when he's doing so much good. On the whole, it seems to me he is the biggest man in influence in the denomination—his word going to every nook and corner of the union."

THE *Teachers' Outlook*, a monthly magazine devoted to general literature, science, health, industrial and national affairs, and edited by W. G. Todd, of Des Moines, Iowa, presents an attractive table of contents in its third (July) number. Mr. Todd, a Unitarian minister by training, shows himself possessed of some genius for journalism. The leading editorial treats of "The New Movements in Socialism," which in some of its later phases, the editor thinks, "more nearly embodies the moral idea of the Golden Rule than any form of society now existing." The widespread interest in the writings of Henry George, and the popularity of "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy, are cited as illustrating the trend of modern thought upon existing systems and methods of business.

THE literary department of the *Teachers' Outlook* is especially interesting. Here "Looking Backward" comes in for a generous share of space and receives most sympathetic attention. "We have read this book sympathetically," says the editor. "If our readers will do the same they will find in it a revelation. It is a book whose importance to this age is not yet estimated. It has reached its twentieth thousand, but this is only a mark on the earlier stages of extension. It is a book that no one can afford to do without. The life that closes without reading it has lost that which is of more value than years of life. Happy is he who reads it in his earlier years that he may incorporate its ideas into his fuller life and use his powers for the elevation of humanity."

THE Teachers' Publishing Company, which publishes the *Teachers' Outlook*, starts out with a capital stock of \$25,000, with stock at \$5 per share, and solicits the patronage of all teachers throughout the United States on the basis of co-operation. The prospectus contains the following hint to contributors: "We caution teachers against offering us subjects directly referring to school-room work or methods. We do not want them, except in homeopathic doses. We want everything to bear the scent of fresh air. We want reports from eyes that are training themselves to observe the law and principle within the forms of life or the moods of nature in her constant creations. Our aim is in part to unroof teachers and keep them abroad. We would have them know every bird and flower, even, in their locality and have such a purpose in their observation as will make every vacation hour joyous with its liv-

ing word, and every common walk an inspiration and a revelation." Enough stock is already taken to publish the magazine from May to December (8 months) with an issue each month of 5,000 copies. We bespeak for the new magazine a sympathetic welcome and such support as it evidently merits.

WE cannot exterminate religion by any disuse of the terms which have hitherto been employed to describe it. Ignore it by dropping one form of speech, and it immediately comes back clad with new phrases. The forms of religion are variable and evanescent; the thing religion, or religion in its reality and essence, is indestructible. It is pure spirit and life. It is the sense of freedom, holiness, obedience, love; or, as Dr. Hedge, says, "It is the heart's response to the claims of beauty, duty, honor, man."

THE *Twentieth Century*, Hugh O. Pentecost, editor, begins its third volume July 13, a sixteen-page paper, having grown to this size, says its editor, from a four-page leaflet in about a year and a half. This (with the growing success of kindred journals) indicates the commanding place which social questions are beginning to assume in the public mind. It is also a tribute to the ability, sincerity and moral enthusiasm of the editor. Whatever opinions one may hold as to the method of social regeneration for which the *Twentieth Century* stands one can but feel the heartiest respect and sympathy for the man who so carries upon his heart the burden of sorrowing and suffering humanity. In closing a series of addresses upon the social question, he says: "Night and day, through all these months, I have been haunted by the pale faces of poor women and the wan voices of dying children, and from these pale faces has come the mute appeal, 'Speak up for us!' and the little thin voices of the children have urged me on like a bugle call to battle."

PUBLIC OPINION of July 13, Washington, D. C., devotes considerable space to the discussion of religious instruction in the public schools, by Cardinal Gibbons, Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, Ex-President of Harvard University, Rev. Minot J. Savage, of Unity Church, Boston, and Prof. W. D. Harris, editor of *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. Cardinal Gibbons believes in the combination of religious and secular education, but doubts its expediency in the public school. His ideal of instruction is to be attained only in denominational schools. Dr. Hill believes that religious instruction in the public school is "more than expedient; it is demanded as a public necessity." But this he would accomplish incidentally rather than directly. Mr. Savage maintains "that it is none of the State's business to undertake the work of teaching anybody's special religion. Prof. W. T. Harris plants himself on the same ground. The separation of church and state in his mind, implies the separation of religious and secular instruction."

"A BYSTANDER'S NOTES," in the *Inter-Ocean*, Saturday, July 13, is interesting and suggestive reading. The writer, Albion W. Tourgee, devotes three columns and more to an Ann Arbor, Mich., correspondent who criticises a previous article by him, taking issue with him on the negro question. "I am in favor," says the correspondent "of the legal disfranchisement of the negro, because it offers the only hope for his compulsory deportation," and

much else in a similar strain. The By-stander's vigorous command of the English language serves him well in reply to this critic. He says that in his view "any one recognizing the obligations of Christian ethics, who, with the history of the African slave trade fresh in his mind, proposes the compulsory expatriation and deportation of 8,000,000 of Christian people, men, women and children, simply because their skins are somewhat darker than his own, in the words of Hood,

Is fit to sit for hell, and represent the devil. There is one law of righteousness for white and black, weak and strong alike, and in the dynamics of history, God has made justice the most potent element of strength in a nation or a people, and has decreed that injustice shall be the certain pitfall of the oppressor."

REV. JAMES M. WHITON, D. D., in the *Christian Register*, July 11, strikes the same note in an article entitled "An Old Story with a New Face," which is an instructive parallel between Solomon's time and our own. He quotes an Arab legend which assigns the cause of Solomon's fall that a worm was concealed in his staff and secretly gnawed it till it broke under him. Dr. Whiton concludes from all the facts which have come to light that the worm in Solomon's staff—the same that has gnawed asunder many a staff of power since then, and may gnaw others still—is injustice. He reproaches the churches of our time for indifference to the great social problems that press upon us. "When our great church assemblies gather, it is for the most part to ignore such subjects as to how to make legislation more just, administration more pure, business more equitable and unselfish competition more scrupulous and humane, employers and employees more considerate of one another." He utters his note of warning as follows: "If the modern house of God is to hold the multitudes to it better than the ancient, it can only be as the builders of that house remember what the wise builders of the temple knew but forgot, that the altar which God most jealously stands by is the altar of human need—the need of justice as well as charity. If now, as in the midst of Solomon's grandeur, along with the hallelujahs of commerce and wealth and art, there is audible the undertone of a *miserere* from the depths of a growing human distress, we must beware of the worm in Solomon's staff. The Lord, our God, is a jealous God—not jealous for himself, but jealous for his children, for his 'little ones,' for those who faint by the way, for those who fall and are trodden under foot."

FORGOTTEN FURNISHINGS.

Two things, that are seldom thought of as house-furnishings, yet mark the house that is "not made with hands." One of them is the *Books*. Think what a "book" means. It means meeting a dime-novel hero, if we like that kind. But it also means meeting the real poets, the best thinkers, great lives, grand heroes, if we like that kind. It means admission to the new marvels of science, if one choose admission. It means an introduction to the noblest company that all the generations have generated, if we claim the introduction. Remembering that, how can one help wishing to furnish his house with some such furniture? A poet for a table-piece! a philosopher upon the shelf! Tyndall or Darwin for an ornament! Spencer or Emerson to sit in the chair

and chat! Irving or Dickens or George Eliot to make us laugh and cry and grow tender to queer folk and forlorn! Or some of the good newspapers,—not those that on the plea of giving "news," parade details of the divorces and the murders gleaned from Maine to Florida, the brute games of the prize-fighter, and the shames of low city life,—not these, unless one really means to feed his mind on red, rank meat—not these, but newspapers that tell how the great world is moving on in politics, and business, and thought, and knowledge and humanity; to subscribe for one of these is truest house-furnishing. A family's rank in thought and taste can be pretty well gauged by the books and papers that lie upon the shelf or table in the living-room. There are three or four books which a man owes to his family as much as he owes them dinner or clothes—a good newspaper (for that is a daily book), a good dictionary, a good atlas, and, if he can possibly afford it, a good cyclopædia. An urchin asked his mother a difficult question and got the answer, "I don't know." "Well," said he, "I think mothers ought to know. They ought to be well educated or else have an encyclopædia." The boy was right. And if we own no more than these four books, their presence reminds us all the time that our house is a place not wholly "made with hands."

Another thing which cannot be manufactured is our *Guests*. Our guests are surely as important a part of the household furniture as the chairs we buy for them to sit on. The house that merely holds its inmates, and to the rest of the town is a kind of prison—a barred place, good to keep out of—can hardly be a home to those who live inside it. There are those, it is true, so completely furnished with love among the four or five that love from the forty or fifty is of little account. But now and then there come in life times when kind thoughts from the forty or fifty are pleasant too. And it must be pleasant to a woman to know the children like to look up at her windows as they pass to school, hoping for her smile; it must be good to any man to know the neighbors look forward to an evening around his fireside or a chat and laugh over his tea-table. If people remembered that the truest hospitality is shown not in the effort to entertain but in the welcome, in the tone and eyes that greet you, and still more that what a guest loves to come for is not the meal, but those who sit at the meal, more homes would be habitually thrown open wide to win the benedictions upon hospitality. It is our ceremony, not our poverty, our self-consciousness oftener than our actual inability to be agreeable, that makes us willing to live close. The real compliment is *not* to apologize for the simple fare. That means trust, and trust is better than oysters. One of my dearest visiting haunts used to be a home where we had bread and butter for our fare, and the guest toasted the bread and wiped the dishes after supper; the welcome, and the children and the wit, and the songs, and the good quiet talk after the children went to bed, made it a rare privilege to be admitted there. It is seldom that the pleasantest homes to visit are the richest. If the dinner be a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water, invite your friend rather than deserve that opposite reputation, that it is "a kind of burglary to ring your door-bell before dinner." Count guests who are glad to come as part of your best household furniture. w. c. g.

"RATIONALISM."

The Christian Register, alluding to the recent discussion of 'rationalism' among the Universalists which has implicated the worth or credibility of miracles, says that "the Unitarian church has never formulated a statement on this subject." "No census has been taken, no test applied to find where individual Unitarians stand."

This is true in the letter, perhaps, if not quite true in the spirit. It is on record that the American Unitarian

Association at one of its annual meetings passed the following vote "without a dissenting voice." "*Resolved, that the divine authority of the Gospel as founded on a special and miraculous interposition of God for the relief and instruction of mankind, is the basis of the action of this Association.*" And Dr. E. H. Sears affirmed that for a period of forty years, this, with all that it implies, was the Unitarian interpretation of "pure Christianity." All the publications of the Association were consistent with this statement. "The miracles were real." "*Every man who believes the Scriptures is a Christian*," in opposition to a deist or infidel, who does not believe the Scriptures. "Enough that the seal of a divine and miraculous communication is set upon the Holy Book."

Theodore Parker in his "Letter to the Boston Association of Congregational ministers," said they had refused him fellowship. And any one who will read the long list of 28 questions which he asks them will see that every one involves the validity and reasonableness of the Supernatural.

This was really the question at stake, and betimed the language of the National Conference Preamble. It was the special authority and Supernatural Lordship of Jesus Christ, that was believed and claimed to have been settled in 1865 by the action of the largest body of Unitarian churches ever assembled.

Strictly speaking neither the "American Unitarian Association," nor the "Boston Association of Congregational ministers" was "the Unitarian Church," not even the "National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches" can quite arrogate to itself that name, so long as some Unitarian churches assert their independency by staying away. But whatever feeling there was against the preamble and constitution has been greatly softened by the subsequently adopted "tenth article," which affirms that we "wish distinctly to put on record our declaration that they are *no authoritative test* of Unitarianism, and are not intended to exclude from our fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our purposes and practical aims."

Undoubtedly at this time the question of miracles among Unitarians in this country has passed beyond the temper of controversy. As a vital issue it is outgrown. Good men there are still who accept most or some at least of the New Testament marvels, as literal history. Others there are who do not. Yet all work together for religious truth and moral ends without distrust or contention. L.

TELL US UNITARIANS, YOUR GOSPEL.

We have imagined a man from Japan assembling all the ministers of the city, and asking what Gospel they had. We have thought that he would be somewhat puzzled with his answers. Let us now suppose that he has heard of some who are regarded as heretics. He has therefore put off hearing them till another day, being warned against them, and expecting to hear quite a different kind of Gospel, if indeed they have any. He will accordingly invite these heretics by themselves, and since they are few, he will ask each of their Societies to send also two delegates who shall tell him what their Gospel is, and wherein it differs from the answers of the day before. What now when he comes to the Unitarians will their delegates say? And who shall be the chosen delegates from their churches? For the same rule of genuineness will prevail as before. The Envoy will have no one speak who has not distinctly good news to tell; and not merely good news for others, but such as has made the speaker's own heart glad.

The Japanese in short wishes to find what advantage if any, this small body of people think that they possess over the great majority of their countrymen's religion. Is there a larger proportion of them who have a gospel? Is their

gospel of such a kind that they want to tell it? Will they grudge no cost to spread it? Again there shall be no conventional answers. As before, if the Unitarian delegate, who wishes to tell his good news, speaks out of a heavy and distressed mind, in harsh tones, or with coldness of manner, he must sit down.

"Our religion is perfectly rational," we hear some one begin to say, "we have no superstitions, we have no fear of hell like other men." "Yes," suggests our Envoy, "but what is your religion," and tell us, how does it make you glad?" Shall we have to confess, as in the former case, that a good many Unitarians have no glad tidings to tell? Shall we have to throw out a considerable number, who grudge money and time to spread their "gospel," or even to hear about it? Must we indeed find many at a loss to know that there is any good news, fit to send to Japan? "What makes your mind glad?" shall be asked, and certain will say, we fear,—"Our fortune, our fine house, the praise of men, the profits of our business make us most glad."

There will certainly however be those among us who have a gospel. We can send delegates from every church who could tell it. It makes them glad whenever they think of it. They are eager to tell it to others. They grudge no cost or time to spread it. They can express it without stopping to wonder what to say. They can put the substance of it into less than the two minutes given—yes, into a single paragraph. Thus expressed their good news will translate into Japanese or any other tongue. It will be, will it not? something like this: "This world here and near is God's world—a world of order, righteousness, beneficence. There is a new life of the spirit, above the life of the body, eternal. This new life is love, in friendliness towards man, in trust and hope towards God. Who so enters into this new life shares the power, the wisdom, the force, the joy of the Spirit that is in and through the Universe. Every act of duty, word of truth, motion of good will, is a sacrament, binding man into communion with God. We have tried this repeatedly and found it always come true: verify it for yourselves. Live as a Son of God should live. Meet men as brothers. Look on the Universe as divine order. Man and the world and God shall answer to your trust in them. Be assured that this is the essence of the truth which made Jesus's life glad, despite pain, and kept his face to the front in the darkness of death. So with the faithful always. For the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God and there shall no evil touch them."

In some such form should we tell the world of our glad news. It is rational, but its rationality is not the heart of it. It is free of superstition, but that does not make it a gospel. It is a manner of divine life. It is verifiable by each man for himself. It is the inspiration of the living and present God. It makes men glad and gives them peace, not in theory, but actually as they live the beautiful new life. Adopted by every one in America, it would make the whole nation happy. Tried in Japan, it would lift the happiness, the morals, the patriotism and the faith of the people. Herein it is gospel, because wherever tried and so far as honestly tried, it makes everyone glad.

But wherein does this liberal gospel differ from the answers which our envoy had already got from all the genuine men who had spoken before, Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists?

It does not differ essentially. That is the beauty of it. If it differs, it is in being more direct and simple. Whatever made men honestly glad—the thought of a God, a beneficent universe, a new and higher life as God's children, the freedom from fear or guilt, infinite aspirations, the deathless hope, friendly good will to men, binding the world together, making society new examples and memories of the men of every age,

not only Jesus, but many Christlike besides. Whatever has honestly made others glad, as many as have had likewise a gospel, we gladly share. See! we are not separate from the genuine men. We are not a little sect by ourselves, dangerous heretics or unbelievers. If any ignorantly fear or distrust us, we go on loving them. We include all that makes any life genuine. We only discard what separates men from each other. The real heretics are those who anywhere cut themselves off from true and genuine men, but the heretics are never those who love and honor each other. The real unbelievers are those who act and live as though they had no gospel, as if no good and ordered their lives, or made it forever safe to do right. This is the real unbelief.

We turn now to our Japanese friend with a smile. Are there not those among you, we ask, who have had the secret of a gospel? Are there those who have tried the new life, as though indeed a good God reigned? If yes, then we take them into our grand church of the immortals. If no, or if indeed such have been too few to make their voices heard, then we bring you the latest and freshest good news that weary men ever waited to hear. God only grant that we who dare to say this may say it out of our hearts, and mean what we say. God grant that we be the men and women, willing to give and to do as our good tidings bids. Or else smite us with humiliation, that we should think our religion better, or simpler, or freer than others, without yet having found out what it is. It assuredly is not ours unless it comes to us and to all as *good news*. C. F. D.

WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT IN RELIGION?

Many of our contributing editors are now away on their summer vacations, where we hope they will gain the needed rest and recreation. But we can yet give our readers a chance to hear from some of them. We are glad to reproduce from the *Christian Register*, of June 27, so much as space will permit of the Berry Street Address, given by Rev. M. J. Savage, during the anniversary week in Boston:

"We need to recall to mind at the outset—what we all well know—that the aim, the purpose of all religions, in all ages, has always been one,—the endeavor on the part of the worshipper to get into more desirable relations with his God. This one thread of common purpose has run through them all, so binding them like beads on one string. . . . For one, I am convinced that we are on the eve of a grander renaissance of faith than the world has ever known. And this time it is to be a faith in "a city that hath foundations." If it took two centuries for the popular mind to readjust itself to the physical change from the Ptolemaic to the Copernican universe, let us not think it strange if it takes time for us to go through the present unspeakably vaster revolution. But let no one who believes in God hesitate when the command is heard, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." In any case, however we feel, or whether we rise to the occasion or not, the new knowledge of the universe is here; the new knowledge of God is here; the new knowledge of man's relation to God is here, the new knowledge as to what needs to be done to better that relation is here. And the task assigned to the church is to assist in bringing about that better relation. We are living in a time when the church is losing its grip on the brain and conscience, as well as the heart and reverence of the great world. . . . By her theory of infallibility, and her unwillingness to keep step with God's advancing revelation, the church tied herself forever, and bound up her destiny with a petty scheme of things. Science, philosophy, literature, the ethical ideal,—all these kept on growing. They outgrew the baby-house universe of the church. And, since the church could not confess herself wrong, she could only turn and curse modern civiliza-

ation as the enemy of God. And all the while it is God's own larger word that all these differing phases of thought and life are proclaiming. . . . No, friends, the average church is not big enough for a whole man to get inside of. * * * Men have to go outside of it in order to find room to grow to the full stature of a divine manhood. . . . If it is ever again to be "the power of God, and the wisdom of God," it must make itself large enough to match the real universe once more. It must tower dome-like above the loftiest intellect; it must overawe the grandest conscience; it must include the largest heart; it must guide the practical life; it must hold out the loftiest hopes to man. . . . The church, if true to her mission, is the minister of God in creating life. The church should make manhood and womanhood. All other things only serve them after they are made. . . . So long as the universe lasts and there is a man in it capable of feeling and thinking about the relation in which he stands to it, so long must religion endure. . . . The one age-long search of man, then, is the search for the secret of life. The changes and readaptations are necessary stages of growth. Nothing is lost; for all partial truths are taken up into the completer statements. The world is not old and hastening to decay. Humanity, like young Hercules, has only strangled a few serpents in its cradle. Its labors and conquests are still ahead. So, while others talk of the night's coming "in which no man can work," we will answer the question as to what o'clock it is in religion, that it is only morning. The great day of God and man is before us; and its light shall but be merged into the glory of that country of which it is said, "Thy sun shall no more go down."

Contributed and Selected.

THE WORLD AND HER DOCTORS.

Long ages, and ages, and ages ago,
For the growth of some things is exceedingly slow,
A pretty young baby as ever was seen,
As pure as a lily, as bright as a queen,
Came into existence, and soon became known
As the loveliest queen on or off from a throne.
She was chubby and saucy and sprightly and fair,
With gold-tinted ringlets of soft silken hair
That hung o'er her form like lace gauze unfurled;
And the name of this fairy was known as "The World."
And a world, too, she was in more senses than one;
No ten babies born ever made so much fun.
Her laugh was so gushing, so rippling, so free,
That its music was heard o'er the land and the sea;
And her eyes sparkled forth with mirth so intense
That the fun-loving stars have winked ever since.
A hoyden, a romp—as sweet and as fair
And as dainty as rose-leaves distilled in the air;
With a fund of good humor at hand to dispense,
A serious vein mixed with much common sense;
No prudish or moodish or miserly churl,
But a right royal creature—a genuine girl!
And so she grew up with no thought of a wrong,
And her beauty increased with her laugh and her song;
But a doctor who saw her opined—rather oddly—
That "a nature so happy must needs be ungodly."
"It is true there is nothing so bad in her song,
But singing so much proves that something is wrong!"
And then her complexion, so bright and so clear,
Is too highly transparent—abnormal—I fear."
Thus reasoned the doctor—this prophet, this seer—
"It won't do for Heaven, I know it won't here!"
Another suggested that "this, with her grace,
Only tended to heighten the charms of her face."
"Yes, I understand," said the former, "I know,
But she's scandalously wicked and bad to think so!"
And as a physician, my duty, I find,
Compels me to treat both her body and mind;
For my study and teaching assure me that both
Have attained a most sinful and unholy growth;
And while you in her beauty and innocence revel,
I stamp the whole thing as the work of the Devil;

And until she is cured I shall never take rest—
For I'm satisfied now that the girl is possessed."
When his mind had arrived at this gloomy result,
He summoned a brother with whom to consult.
The symptoms they saw I'll not try to rehearse,
Though they straightway concluded the maiden was worse.
Each symptom discovered, though shockingly sad,
Was followed by fifty more equally bad;
And before they'd a tenth of her case diagnosed,
The number of doctors had grown to a host.
Each gazed on her form with expression sardonic,
And imagined an ill that his reason made chronic;
Though no two agreed as to what caused the harm,
They all of them said there was "cause for alarm."
And with leeches and cautery, scalpel and cup,
They "treated" the maid 'til they near used her up;
And a body that knew not a blemish before
Had blisters and scarfings and scars by the score.
No feature, but some theological quack
Selected for his special form of attack.
Her cheek, that in color would rival the peach,
Gave up its rich bloom to a horrible leech;
Whereat, they produced his lank, slimy brother,
And directed the patient to "turn him the other;"
For, being so charged with unhealthy secretion,
The way to a cure was by thorough depletion.
Another, with theory lucid as mud,
Said that "worldly enjoyment had tainted her blood."
And forthwith decided to conquer the ill
By prescribing a strong calvinistic blue-pill;
And as soon as his patient began to decline,
He increased the number to thirty and nine;
For he'd heard his professor so often rehearse,
That no ill could be better until it was worse.
So the coat on her tongue must grow thicker and thicker;
Convalescence, to him, meaning sicker and sicker.
Another decided that "pride to prevent,"
Her fine form should be "reverentially bent,"
And covered with sack cloth to shield her from sin,
And with plasters beneath to draw out that within.
"Tis well done," said one, "she has ceased to be fair;
But the 'serpent' still lurks in the waves of her hair;
And, now that I see it, this thing must be stopped;
For the truly anointed should have their heads cropped."
"Her expression, I fear,"—and another looked wise,—
"Is too cheerful by far, as is shown from her eyes;
So those organs with sanctified salve I'll anoint
While you mould her features as I shall appoint.
Her face is too round; and I think it's all wrong;
For sanctified faces, you know, should be long.
Other proof that the maiden has fallen from grace
Is seen in that dimple which lurks on her face;
And I think that we'll change it—yes, fix it just so;
For a dimple's more saintly turned over, you know."
So they changed this fair part of the poor maiden's face
To conform to the dogmatic tenets of "grace."
The change was a marked one,—as marked now as then.
For the dimple's replaced by a horrible wen.
Thus, with plaster and pill, and with lance and with screw,
The poor creature's troubles and malady grew
Till the wonderment was that she yet was alive;
For each ill that was cured, there were created five.
She was lanced, she was bled, and each sickening sore
Was a signal for making thrice that many more.
At last, quite discouraged, she cried with a sigh,
"If this only would end! If I only could die!"
And with wearying heart-throb, though silent misgiving,
She felt that her life was not half worth the living.
But still she lives on—sad, and weary and ill,
With the doctors who made her so, treating her still;
Each urging that his special portion or "grace"
Will bring back the bloom to her beautiful face.
"Though all of them differ, each doctor will say
That his course of treatment's the only true way.
"Though all of them differ, they're equally sure:
Is it not time to call one who'll warrant a cure?"

D. H. FLETCHER.

THE DEATH DREAD.

I have often thought and now believe the stages of the dread of death are easily traceable, and appropriately, under this thesis: "Where the treasure is there will the heart be also."

It is observable that the child never thinks of death in relation to self. In the little, undefiled heart the grim monster of dread hovers over that which is most dear. The black shadow, when it appears at all in the child's imagination, approaches the very center of the child's heart, threatening the object of its dearest love, the one into whose affection the child instinctively cuddles for protection in all its innocent ways, the mother whose indulgence furnishes the deepest joy of childhood. Merciful is nature in not thrusting this shadow often across the young mind. When it comes it thus attaches its ugliness to the child's most cherished treasure.

Nor does it alter this fact of heart and imagination, that even while the innocent is under the spell of this unselfish contemplation, death, grim and vulturelike, may stoop to carry the child itself away.

But it is a beautiful and mollifying provision of nature that children do not see death in its rigid ugliness. To them there is ease and consoling elements in a kind of fairy conception. For example, Helen's baby, "putting together all he had seen and heard of death, said that 'dear little Phillie went to sleep in a box and the Lord took him to heaven.'" We have also the following fine paragraph from De Quincey: "The day at last arrived which looked down upon her innocent face sleeping the sleep from which there is no awaking, and upon me sorrowing the sorrow for which there is no consolation. . . . Yet in fact I knew little more of mortality than that Jane had disappeared. She had gone away, but perhaps she would come back. Happy interval of heaven-born ignorance. Gracious immunity of infancy from sorrow disproportioned to its strength."

When the blood of youth courses hotly through the veins, when life is new, when fresh vigor infuses every nerve and fibre, when physical existence is a pleasure, then the shadow of death in the imagination approaches self, powerless, awe-stricken, trembling self, and in its first approaches we are appalled and overpowered. But this strong and jubilant life cannot be yielded. It is too intense in its delights, too everlasting in the endurance of its joys, too infinite in its prospects, too exalted in its hopes and ideals, to be ever cut off; death then can be but a transition where the soul becomes conscious of limitless expansion and eternity, and the refuge of this life-lover for life's sake, is seized of the Immortal Hope and shall live forever. Thus for this state of intense life, the dread of death is somewhat ameliorated by the faith that all which is essential and good is permanent.

But any long continued enjoyment is soon seen as dependent upon externals which awaken, and must preserve the internal states of feeling. The heart inevitably becomes centered upon outward objects as influences necessary to its life and enjoyable emotion. Youth becomes a measure more altruistic and the climax of this state, as the climax of the dread of death, appears in the deepest and most profound love, when the dread, too, pertains peculiarly to the object of this purest devotion. And this dread is, in its intensity, proportionate to the profundity of the emotions, the joy it inspires and the hope it awakens in forthcoming bliss. Death becomes very chiefest of calamities, grimmest of the terrors of the imagination of which Alger speaks when he says: "With all unwontedly earnest love mingles an obscure foreboding of wreck and loss, bereavement and agony to come."

Very pertinent here is another word from the English Opium Eater: "Vast power and possessions make a man shamefully afraid of dying; and I am

convinced that many of the most intrepid adventurers, who, by fortunately being poor, enjoy the full use of their natural courage, would, if at the very instant of going into action, news were brought to them that they had unexpectedly succeeded to an estate in England of fifty thousand pounds per year, feel their dislike to bullets considerably sharpened, and their efforts at perfect equanimity and self-possession proportionally difficult."

In parental anxiety the child is repaid for its occasional spasm of dread. The watchful eye is always on the cradle. That maternal love sees the dark shadow only over the object of the dearest love possible, and over self only as leaving the life of her life unprotected and motherless, and shutting off the exchange and enjoyment of that love's jewel, is a truism in any expression by which the truth can possibly be suggested. The mother would unhesitatingly lay down her life for that of the child, yet 'tis indubitable that her child were infinitely better trusted to death alone, than alone for life; where indeed the mother remaining is not absolutely bereft, for though the object gone the image remains; "It is only she who has lost a child that can be said to have a child," says Dickens, "she remembers it as it was."

J. B. FROST.

NOT A SINECURE.

The *Christian Union* utters some excellent thoughts in showing that the office of a minister is not a sinecure. It says: "He talks to a congregation in which are men and women who have had as good an education as himself, who have better libraries, who have possibly nearly as much leisure, and who do as earnest thinking. He is no priest to tell them *ex cathedra* what they ought to believe. He is a brother student telling them what he believes and why. But the work of direction is his great work. And this is a work of which our predecessors in the pulpit knew comparatively little. It is only within the last half, we might almost say the last quarter, century, that the church has become, in anything like its present degree, a working organization. The pastor of a small Episcopal church in the suburbs of New York City, had on Sunday an early communion service at nine o'clock; a regular church service, with sermon, at eleven o'clock; a Sabbath-school which he superintended, taking also charge of a young people's Bible class, from three to five o'clock; and an evening service, with a second sermon, at half past 7 o'clock. His week was as busy as his Sunday, for he must recruit and retain his congregation by continual personal visiting; and yet he had found time to establish a library and a young people's literary society as a counter attraction to the saloon. No metropolitan preacher with all the church activities which it is his duty to oversee is harder worked than such a minister. And there are thousands of them in America unknown and unhonored outside their own quiet parishes. To suppose that the minister's work consists, only, or chiefly, in preaching one or two sermons on Sunday, conducting one prayer-meeting, and making few or many social calls, is wholly to misapprehend his field and function. He is, or ought to be, the thought-leader of the most intellectual and independent people in the community, the inspirer to noble activities of the most earnest and unselfish, the director and guide of their organic work, and their personal friend, counselor, and comfort in their deepest experiences of trial. His office is one full of a divine exhilaration, but it is not a sinecure."

He who seeks something higher in his own nature—not merely in degree—than what life can give or take away, that man has religion, though he only believes in infinity and not in the Infinite, only in eternity and not in an Eternal.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

Church-Door Pulpit.

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DAVID IN SAUL'S ARMOR.

OR

THE CHURCH'S DEFENSE AGAINST THE WORLD.

A SERMON PREACHED AT SACO, MAINE, BY
REV. J. L. MARSH.

Published by the Congregation.

And Saul armed David with his armor, and he put a helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his armor, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them. And David put them off him. I Sam., 17, 38-39.

This story of David's victory over Goliath lets us somewhat into the conditions and relations and methods of the people of Israel under the reign of their first King, Saul. We see Israel as a growing power among the nations. Saul is able to successfully oppose the nations around him. The Philistines, however, seem to have given him a pretty hard test. The two armies encamped against each other for many days, but neither dared to attack. No champion on the side of Israel dared to oppose Goliath, who was put forward by the Philistines. It would seem, to our modern ideas, that to settle the victory by the combat between two single antagonists would hardly be a fair test, especially when one of the combatants was a giant in size, skill and strength.

What they were fighting about we cannot find out—whether it was for mere conquest, whether for religious opinions or political rights, or whether it was a mere war of races, in which one tribe was selfishly opposing another.

But whatever may have been the cause, it is hard for us to think that truth or justice could have been enforced or decided by a hand to hand contest between two men. Yet, why not by two as well as by a thousand or ten thousand? Why cannot a duel settle matters in dispute as well as a battle? What is the difference between pitting a giant against a shepherd and pitting ten thousand men against one thousand? A battle is perhaps more inhuman because it involves more men, or is it for that reason more human? Perhaps it would be well to decide all matters in dispute by selecting two champions and letting them decide the matter, and the others agree to stand by the result, only that we know such a contest can settle nothing except the skill and strength of the two contestants. If the matter in dispute be as to physical strength or skill, a personal contest will decide, but if the matter in dispute be an intellectual, moral, political or religious principle, then a personal contest is just as much a decision as is a battle. The most that can be decided in either case by such a method is the comparative strength or cunning of the two sides. We have outgrown the practice of duelling and see in it only disgrace and false ideas of manliness. The time is coming when war will be considered just as disgraceful and just as unmanly a way of settling disputes. The whole tendency of civilization is in this direction. Even the battle between David and Goliath was not a victory for strength, but for skill and human ingenuity. The deciding element even here was mental strength and moral courage more than physical power. The mailed armor of Goliath and his long spear were useless against the simple skill and ingenuity of David. David's sling, used with his courage and self-possessed skill, was longer than Goliath's spear, and the smooth, round stone adjusted by David was stronger than the helmet worn by the giant, and so David had the advantage, not by his strength, but by his skill and ingenuity and moral courage. We know that bows and arrows superseded slings, that muskets displaced spears, that gunpowder has made armor useless, and

now a small weak man who has a good eye and steady nerve to sight a musket is more than a match for the greatest giant. The inventions of war and weapons are such that two armies can now hardly get near enough to shoot each other, and with dynamite and torpedoes and long-range cannon and other destructive apparatus, muskets are almost unusable. The only glimmer of satisfaction I have in the rapid improvement of war machinery is that every new and more destructive weapon is making it more difficult to undertake war, and so war itself is making war impossible and becomes an ally to moral power. Every improved weapon is a conquest won, not by gun-powder nor by physical strength, but by the mind and power of man. The battles of men are becoming more and more to be contests between the rational, inventive and moral powers of men. May God hasten the day when we shall battle only by rational and moral forces, when we shall not endanger physical life by our destructive weapons, but when our contests shall all be confined to rational and moral and humane controversies, when truth and love, rather than death and might, shall be our object.

But I did not intend to write against war. It may be a century too soon to safely do that.

I wanted to say something about the naturalness and simplicity of Christ and his method of overcoming evil. The image of David assuming the heavy and unwieldy armor of the king and assaying to go forth against Goliath, suggested to my mind what the church has been trying these hundreds of years to do. The church stands opposed to the evil and sin, the suffering, want and misery of the world. Society, with its giant selfishness, with its destructive weapons of might and matter, has been involving men and women in wretchedness, evil, poverty and shame. The church has been facing the woes and sorrows and sins of the world and doing battle against them, but with comparatively very small success.

Jesus came into the world and went directly to the field of the world and dealt with the sick and the lame, the deaf and the blind, the hungry and thirsty. He rebuked the selfish and the sinful and quickened by his personal sympathy and word, the ideals and motives of men and women. He went armed with his full and quick humanity, with his confidence in God, and in his own sympathies and powers, and appealed to what was in men.

Dr. Hill, at the recent conference, said that the most natural music was the most artificial, that the most natural civilization was the most highly cultivated, the most natural man was the most perfectly developed. And surely there is a good measure of truth in this. The most natural man is the man who most fulfils his nature; the most perfect man is he who has most perfectly developed his human nature. Jesus, as I conceive, was the most natural man the world has ever known because he manifests the fullest development of the distinctive powers of human nature. He carried his full humanity into the world and acted according to its authority, and battled against the incomplete and ignorant humanity around him, striving to overcome its evils and its weakness and to lift it up to his own level. He was clothed with no armor of official or ecclesiastical authority, he had no rite or creed for a weapon, had no church or pulpit or platform to defend, he had only the authority of his own simplicity, the strength of his own nature and the skill of his own full self-possession to fight with. He had no physical strength or cunning to pit against his opponents. He had no political opinion to defend, he had no traditions to repeat or expound, no ceremony to enact, no rhetoric to display, no logic to defend, no part whatever to play. He went simply with himself, with the forces, convictions, sympathies and ideals of his own nature. He lost his life in the contest, but he saved himself and taught

the world the enduring strength and saving power of manhood, and he has proved that the highest victory man can win is not physical but spiritual, that the most effective weapons man can use against the wrong, sin, sorrow and ignorance of the world, are the sympathies, the motives, the powers that inhere in the nature of man:—conscience, love, will, and moral courage.

But after the death of Jesus men began to invent armors of belief, and to fashion weapons of dogma, and to clothe Christianity in an ecclesiastical coat of mail, and soon the church was the representative not of humanity, but of divinity. It stood not for the glory and development of human nature, not for the sympathies and thought and understanding of man. The church armed itself to oppose human nature and moral daring, and she has been as much burdened with the heavy foreign armor which she has assumed as David was with the armor of Saul.

It seems strange that Christianity, which is not in spirit a matter of intellect so much as it is a matter of conscience and sympathy, not an intellectual philosophy nor a system of logic, should have been so clothed in intellectual and philosophical and logical armor, and yet in another sense it is very natural. Man's inventive faculty is not by any means exhausted upon material discovery and mechanical invention. His mind is exercised just as naturally in discovering laws of thought, and sources of human power, and ways of application therefore, as in seeking for laws of matter and ways of applying physical force.

The intellectual theories of man, the systems of philosophy and of logic, of theology and of science are just as much the result of man's inventive and discovering faculty as the steam engine, the telegraph, or the printing press.

It is perfectly natural for man to theorize, to invent, to discover, to develop ways of applying power, force, and thought, and this faculty of man is exercised in the sphere of intellect as in the realm of material forces. Whenever any great force is discovered or brought measurably into the reach of man's control, he begins at once to find ways of applying it. When the power of steam was discovered, how soon men began to invent ways of applying it. How busy men are now in inventing ways of applying electricity. How crude the first inventions seem. The railroad that would insist upon using the model of the first locomotive for the engine it builds to-day would not be very successful. The telegraph company that would insist on using the first apparatus that was invented for sending messages, would not send many messages today. Men are always perfecting their inventions, and the machinery of one hundred years ago is worth little to-day. This is true also to a very large degree of the science, the philosophy, the theology which man has invented or discovered.

The science of one generation is comparatively useless to the next; the philosophy and theology of one age does little active service in another. The crude inventions of the past have made the more perfect inventions of the present possible; they performed good service in their day, but their day has gone by. So with the science and philosophy and theology of the past, they were steps toward something better and more effective, and without them the present models never could have been. But we do not expect to-day to work with the old inventions and we do not expect to think or believe by the old systems.

Let me say here that, with all the inventive power of man, he has not yet, nor is he likely to ever, invent or create any new force. All that his invention does is to apply force. Man did not invent the force of steam or electricity, but he has invented ways of applying that force and so making it valuable to man. So man cannot invent or create reason, or moral force, or religion; the most he can do is to find ways of applying these forces which inhere in human

nature. The church stands as the invention of men by which they seek to apply the force of religion, of Christianity to human life. It is not strange that men should have invented an artificial, arbitrary and intellectual theology by which to apply the power of Christianity to the world. There is a quickening power in Christianity which quickens the intellect as well as the heart, which builds up authority as well as commands obedience.

As I read Christian history I can see how the ecclesiastical and theological systems were developed, quite naturally in the conditions of thought and society that gave them birth. But I see most surely that they were natural and human inventions, and not supernatural revelations. They were the efforts of sincere, able, truthful men, men of thought, knowledge and character, but, after all, men of an age and condition far different from ours.

There was a time when mediæval theology, as well as mediæval armor, was very serviceable. But I do not see why Christianity need now be burdened with that old armor. Why should the church insist upon its mailed armor of creed and dogma and subtle philosophy? The power of Christianity is not to be applied to the world now through that machine: Saul's armor was good for him, he could use his own weapons, and do service after the fashion he had learned. But if he had insisted on David wearing the armor and taking the weapons, the victory would probably have been with the Philistines. David had the courage to refuse the cumbersome armor that he could not use, and went forth with the weapon he could use. It was very polite, generous and manly for Saul to offer his armor, but it would have been very impolite, ungenerous and unmanly, and would have endangered his success, had he insisted upon David wearing it. It was also manly, and generous, and courteous on the part of David to put it on, and it was also very manly, and courageous, and trustful in him to decline to wear it and to trust the weapon he had tried and proved.

I have no objection to the church offering its jointed theology and its finely woven armor of belief and its weapons of supernatural authority to its soldiers, but I do object to its compelling all soldiers to fight in that armor. I am perfectly willing that these old armors shall be exhibited and praised for what they have done, and am glad to recognize the strength of mind and force of character of the men who invented them, and I have no objection to any one using that armor if he has tried it and can do good service in it. Its service in the present time must be its test. But when they keep the armor as a relic, and actually fight with other weapons, I do not like to see the credit given to the old armor. When a man is active, prudent, honorable and prosperous in the management of his business, I do not like to see him credit his success to the horse-shoe nailed over his front door. What I mean to say is that the church is carrying into the field an antiquated armor which she can not and does not use in real actual work of life. Imagine a man going into life with the purpose of putting into practice the doctrine of total depravity! That idea would not bring any great commercial success, would it? Business prosperity comes from confidence in men, not from distrust in them. It would be a queer condition of society we should have if every man really believed that every other man, as well as himself, was totally depraved.

Or take the doctrine of Predestination or Election. The man who fully believes it and attempts to act consistently upon that belief would be considered the crankiest of cranks. These and many other doctrines, though they be held theologically and authoritatively, are not really acted upon in life. Many men hold them in all sincerity but they do not practice them. The motives and methods of their daily life are very different from these doctrines.

The churches, many of them, hold these beliefs, but they use them very little although they defend them a good deal. But the work of the church is surely something else than to defend its weapons. As well might a railroad expect to convey its passengers by defending the construction of the first locomotive as the church expect to do the real work of religion by defending the creeds of the middle ages.

The church is beyond the need of defense to-day. At any rate, the church can not fulfill its mission by defending its creeds.

The purpose of the church and of Christian theology is to make a working connection between the world of men and the power of religion, in other words to apply the force of religion to the motives and conduct of men and to the working of society.

Men's motives and conduct are influenced more by sympathy and emotion than by intellect. Theology, being largely intellectual, does not exercise very direct influence upon the emotions. When an intellectual system or theory is inconsistent with our moral ideals our conduct is very little moved by it.

Jesus depended upon quickening the minds, emotions and sympathies of men by contact with his own full nature. He had no theological or ecclesiastical connection between religion and men except himself. He, himself, in the full naturalness of his power, with confidence in the sympathy and understanding of his own nature, became the connecting link between men and the power of religion which he had discovered.

Is it not time for Christians to understand that the vital connection between the world and heaven, between religion and life, man and God, is to come through the powers, sympathies, reason, and deeds of men? That the power of religion must be applied, not necessarily through the machinery of church or creed, but by living contact with men? The church should strive not to save itself or to make its fellowship a companionship of the saved, but it should try to save the world. It seems to be expected that the saving and purifying influences of the world should all tend toward the church, that, as men are moved by pure motives and higher ideals, they should come into the church, and that the church shall thus be a storage reservoir for the delectations of the saints.

The true church should be a distributing and not an accumulating agency. It should be pouring forth into the world the saving streams of life. The church should be sending men into the world rather than withdrawing them from the world; men, moved by nobler ideals, and truer purposes, and stronger wills. The church should stand on a higher level than intellect or theology or selfish sainthood. I believe the church does do much toward purifying the world, she does quicken men's lives and motives, she does stand on a higher level, but how feeble are her efforts to reach men, how few she reaches! She beckons once or twice a week and a few come, but the masses stay away, and the people who come seat themselves in reserved seats with pleasant expectation for an hour of entertainment, with the possibility of a little inspiration, and they are, perhaps, held on a higher plane for the week. That is good so far as it goes, but it goes only a little way. How far does it go with us here? How much do we, as a church, send out into this community? How much regenerating, quickening power goes into society through us? Something, I hope, we do. Some good, I believe, goes out from us, although there is little we can measure. Why should there not be something that we can measure? Why should there not be hungry ones fed, naked ones clothed, ignorant ones taught, the lonely interested, the sick cheered, the sorrowing comforted, the wicked rebuked, the transgressor punished, the poor received into our homes and sympathies? Why should there not

be something of this that could be measured, not to exalt ourselves, but to show that we are consistent with our own ideas?

I have, as you know, little sympathy with creeds and theologies, nor with the methods of fast and loose orthodoxy, and have no defense to make for them. But, I think, after all, our orthodox brethren, whom we criticize, may be as consistent as we are and, perhaps, more so. They have their scheme and creed and their method is according, and they are more measurably successful than we are.

We have our beliefs, our ideas of God and men, of the purpose of religion and helpfulness of Christianity.

We boast of our rationalism and our practical tendency, but where is the practical working point that we effect? Do we get nearer the people? Do we actually save men here and now from the hells of life? Do we have the real spirit of devotion and love and carry heaven with us? Do we have the real spirit and the works of charity, and personal sympathy which we praise and approve? Are we any more loyal to our idea of God and man, or any more consistent with it than are the orthodox? Are we not juggling with our own convictions and beliefs as much as others may be juggling with the phrases of their creeds?

Who is more commendable, the man who says he will go work in the vineyard and does not, or he who says he will not go, but does? The Orthodox or Episcopalian may say that the works done in the world from merely moral motives will not save men, but nevertheless they do the works. We say the works will save and too often we forget to do them! I protest with all my reason and might against the statements and implications of the orthodox creed, but when I read or hear such words as come from Dr. Munger, Dr. Gladden, Phillips Brooks, Heber Newton, Lyman Abbott, and others who hold to the creed, I am convinced there is something else to measure than the creed. And when I see the practical work among the poor, intemperate, ignorant and thriftless which many Orthodox or Evangelical churches are doing, I am sure that the vital connection between life and religion is made in spite of the creed. I am not so particular what aims or what weapons are used in the battle if only the spiritual and moral and humane victory be won. Let each one use what he has tried and be courageous enough to throw aside what is burdensome to him and go forth to the battle, not for destruction nor yet for self-exaltation, but battling for others. The church does not exist for itself, but for the world.

Any church which is more intent upon keeping itself in elegant repair and with luxurious equipment than in serving the community of men and women in which it is, is an antiquated church, no matter what be its architecture or theology.

Christianity may have once been made practically effective through the creeds that now burden the church, but even then Christianity was something much larger and deeper and more human than its theology. It may now be made effective and interpreted through rationalism, but, after all, it is far more than rationalism, it is quicker, more vitally human than reason. The real heart and soul of Christianity cannot be encased in creeds nor communicated by reason, but it is known and perpetuated by love, by personal sympathy, by self-sacrificing service for others.

Several years ago when speaking of Christian missions, Prof. Max Muller said: "If Christianity is to retain its hold, if it is to conquer in the holy war of the future, it must throw off its heavy armor, the helmet of brass and the coat of mail, and face the world like David with his staff and sling. We want less of creeds but more of trust; less of ceremony but more of work; less of solemnity but more of genial honesty; less of doctrine but more of love."

Friends, we of this church have no

formulated creedal armor to defend; we are not burdened by weapons we cannot use, our Christian method and purpose finds authority in the nature which is "our heredity from God"; our object is to pour forth the real life of Christian love, to enlarge the fellowship of personal sympathy, and to destroy the selfishness, sin and ignorance which is constantly threatening the Kingdom of Heaven. It belongs to us to prove the vigor of the battle we wage against evil, impurity and suffering, to show by the boldness and skill with which we use the "simple armor of our honest thought" and put into practice the love and motive of the real spirit of Christ, that we can do good service for the Kingdom of God even though we cast aside the cumbersome armor of theology and ecclesiasticism. In rejecting the traditional creeds and authorities of the church, we have not freed ourselves from any Christian responsibility. Rather have we assumed larger and more vital duties. We go not forth as an army but we go forth each one to his own field, to battle with the adversary and to overcome by the might of our own courage and faith. So let us go forth to the battle and to victory.

A CORRESPONDENT OF UNITY, while standing near the counter in a Western book-store, overheard a conversation between two elderly gentlemen. It appears they were speaking of "Robert Elsmere." "There," said he who held the book, in the voice of a judge sentencing a condemned criminal, "there is a book that is filled with the poison of German rationalism." This incident was brought to mind by the following clipping from the *New Church Life* for June, 1889. Here, too, is one who evidently fears the "poison" of rationalism. It reads: "These are unquestionably the days of 'permeation,' but the doctrines of the New Church are not permeating the sects of the Old, as many at the present day hold. The fact is, the world is becoming Arian and rationalistic—the two terms mean much the same thing. This is also the age of theological dishonesty, as witness the following from a secular paper: 'In a recent letter to the Unitarian Club of Boston, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "We have seen large bodies of those whom we have been accustomed to regard as our theological opponents silently wheeling to our side, without breaking ranks or changing colors." 'Is Dr. Holmes correct? Let those who doubt it investigate for themselves.'"

THE doctrine of evolution, says Professor Forbes, was itself evolved, and its own evolution is not yet complete. Deep hidden in the earth it lay for centuries, a mighty germ of life, slowly organizing for its giant growth. First in darkness and in silence it sent its rootlets down to suck strength from the very heart of the world, and then in fullness of time it lifted its tremendous plumule upward, heaving and rending the surface as if a mountain were about to show its peak, awakening the astonishment, the consternation even of mankind, shattering old foundations, threatening the ruin of long established institutions, and toppling over as with the thrust of an earthquake whatever seemed to block its way. For this was an almost unexampled exhibition of the greatest power in nature—that of a generating thought—a thought so great, indeed, that the whole earth now seems scarcely more than a seed-bed made ready for its growth.

You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and most delicate way, improve yourself.—*Ruskin*.

If I doubt many things, it is not through indifference to truth, but, on the contrary, because, taking truth more seriously than they who contradict me, I am more exacting of proofs of it. "I am resigned in advance to every truth and to every consequence of truth."—*Edmond Scherer*.

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Notes from the Field.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.—Our esteemed fellow-worker, Rev. N. M. Mann, of Rochester, New York, is revisiting the scenes of former years. We give him hearty greeting at UNITY headquarters and welcome the following contribution from his pen:

These are the days in which we revisit old haunts, it may be after long absence. One finds the lakes, the fields, the woods, the everlasting hills, but the friends he knew, where are they? After thirty-two years the writer of this note is strolling around the lakes on the northern border of Illinois, where not even the good fishing of the old days could restrain him from trying to become a "fisher of men." There is the same hum of insects in the air, the same sunset-flush upon the waters, the same houses here and there, but the inmates of that other time one seeks, for the most part, in vain. The first impression is that man, who does so much to make the world what it is, who leaves behind him even material memorials that have a certain permanence, is himself a fleeting presence, the creature of a day.

But go into one of these houses and you will be met by a young man, or by a young woman, whose face is so like that of the friend of another generation who used to greet you there that you are startled and wonder if this is a dream, or if you have awakened from a sleep of thirty years. Something permanent there is amidst all this change. Man abides though men disappear, and it is the same human world as before. Not otherwise is it with the lake that looks so constant. It is the same lovely sheet of water, though assuredly the water itself is not the same. Every drop of the lake that was has passed on down the river or gone up to meet its Lord in the air.

Two things invariably strike the traveler in this great West—its enormous resources and its rapid development. One hears of little else than the fortunes made in real estate. It is to be feared that Henry George would have to divide the well-to-do, of our cities at least, into robbers and people eager to become robbers. Whatever we may think of the theory which gives this classification, it cannot be doubted that the passion for speedy gains, so widely excited by the rise in values in and about these growing towns and cities, is most unfavorable to the religious life. Probable the prophets in Israel were wrong in supposing poverty to be the necessary condition of true piety. The creation of wealth is unmistakably a human, and so a divine, service. But the eagerness to get possession of wealth that one does not create, to adroitly grasp the "unearned increment," is perhaps the most corrupting influence now abroad. It is to be met with everywhere, and it is of that uncertain standing between virtue and vice that one knows not how to grapple with it. Shall a minister congratulate his parishioner on having made a good round sum by a venture in city lots or by "cornering" wheat? Perhaps not, but he will hardly reproach him for it. What he will do, most likely, is to say nothing at all about it. His thoughts may be, "I have no right to condemn in a brother that which I would do myself if I had a chance."

The fact is, along certain lines the right is even yet not very clear. We have got as far as this, that we hold it unfortunate that rich prizes are daily dropping into hands that have not earned them, making for great numbers of people a sort of grand lottery of life. No calculations are so absorbing as those into whose fulfillment we put no honest stroke of toil. The last man one can hope to interest in a religious question is he who has a big speculation pending. His situation is unfavorable to mental or moral growth; the possibility of realizing in a day the normal product of a lifetime leaves little room for other reflections. Doubtless a state of less striking material progress, a less

vaulting civilization, is better for the spiritual health.

Certainly preaching must go a good deal deeper if it is to avail much. There are questions being asked in this age from which it must not shrink. Our Unitarianism has the unique quality among the faiths of being open on all sides to reason. It must be more than that; it must be ready and efficient in the application of reason to the exigent social problems of the hour. It will be seen before very long that a church to have any reason to be must concern itself with what most concerns humanity, must meet the questions that most press upon a struggling, suffering world, must be a power, not merely in abating, but also in curing human ills.

STRAWBERRY POINT, CLAYTON CO., IOWA.—Mr. Francis W. Holden, of the Meadville Theological school, arrived here the last week in June. The church which was then undergoing repairs made it impossible for him to preach at this place until the 21st of July, at which time there was an audience of from 75 to 100. It is the determination of the people to have a permanent liberal church at this point. A Sunday-school has been organized of about 60 members, and promises to be a successful part of the church work. During the time between the arrival of Mr. Holden and the time that he preached his first sermon here he has preached at Fayette, Greeley and West Union. Strawberry Point is a flourishing little city of about 1,500 inhabitants, situated on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Mr. Holden preaches morning and evening, and is much pleased with the growing interest which is manifested.

BOSTON.—At the grove meeting to be held from Sunday, July 28, to Sunday, August 4, at Weir's, New Hampshire, there will be a gathering of prominent New England Unitarian clergymen; and there is promise of the usual large attendance of listeners. Rev. Messrs. Reynolds, Horton, Hornbrooke, Beane, Heywood, Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, Mr. Joseph Shippen, of Chicago, Mr. Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, Ala., and many other good speakers will fill in succession the festooned pulpit in the grove. White Mountain excursions by groups of the visitors will follow the camp meeting.

—Rev. Dr. Stebbins, of San Francisco, is here and gives valuable advice about the Japan mission now making up for departure Sept. 19.

—President Livermore, of Meadville, Pa., will spend the summer in New England.

—Rev. William C. Gannett's impressive services upon joining the Rochester church are published in the *Register*, and indicate love, helpfulness, religious accord as given and taken by pastor and people.

DES MOINES, IOWA.—The Des Moines papers report at some length a sermon by Miss Hultin, on "Providence," suggested by the Conemaugh Valley disaster. She was the orator of the occasion on "Memorial Day" and her address was reported in full. A private letter informs us that Miss Hultin will spend her vacation in Des Moines. Her largest audiences were during the last Sundays of the year, and all are looking hopefully forward to the next year's hard work. There is interest and a willingness to work in directions not before reached.

The Sunday school will go on during the vacation and a section of Unity club will continue the study of Unitarianism, different members taking their turn in leading it. We congratulate the Unitarians of Des Moines on the encouraging outlook for another year.

PORTLAND, OREGON.—A new Jewish Synagogue (Temple Congregation Beth Israel) was formally dedicated at Portland, July 12, "the day was the 29th of Sivan, of the Hebrew calendar, the year 5,649." One thousand invitations were issued and only the holders of tickets were admitted. Dr. T. L.

Eliot, of the Unitarian church, was present and took part in the services. The costly temple, the elaborate floral display, the large attendance, the presence of "the mayor, judges of the court, ministers of the Gospel and other honored guests," and the impressive services of dedication made the occasion a memorable one. The dedication sermon was by Rabbi Jacob Bloch.

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Thou hast two hands and but one mouth,
Nature has rightly done,
For she has given two for work,
For eating, one.

—Selected.

DO PLANTS MOVE?

"Mamma," said little Willie Maynard as he lay on the grass under an old oak, one warm summer day, "don't you think our old oak tree must get very tired standing here all the time? I am sure I should."

"Why, Willie, what made you think of that? Trees and plants are not made to run about as you do."

"But, mamma, the branches are moving about now and look as if they were trying to get away from the old tree and go off to the brook or up on the hillside. I wish I could help them to go."

"It is only the wind, Willie, waving the branches," I said.

Willie was quiet a long time for a restless little boy, then he looked up and said, "Don't plants ever move unless the wind blows?"

I asked him if he remembered how our morning glories opened to the morning sunshine and closed in the evening, and told him about the California Poppy which shows its bright golden face all day but goes to sleep each night.

"Oh, yes, and last winter, mamma, you used to turn the pots of plants, in the sunny window, around because they grew toward the window and became one-sided, and yesterday Henry and Kate got some seed pods of a little plant and laid them in the sunshine to see them turn round. We called them our 'clocks,' but the sun does that. Do they ever move without either the sun or wind?"

I asked him to go up on the hillside near by and get me some wild oats growing there; this he quickly did, and selecting some of the ripe seed, I placed it on the ground. He was delighted to watch its motions, (and you will be, little reader, if you will try it). "Why," he said, "it is trying to plant itself; the sun doesn't do that."

Then I told him of those plants growing in warm countries, which are said to give forth a smell very tempting to flies, and when a fly alights upon them, it finds itself a prisoner, shut in, and is eaten or absorbed by the juices of the plant.

What seems to me to be yet more wonderful is that there are some kinds of fine cones that never open so the seeds fall, until they have been exposed to the heat of a fire; thus, when fierce flames destroy forests, and it seems to us all the seeds must have been destroyed, too; then these cones burst, the seeds fall and sprout and soon the little trees take the place of the old ones.

Sometimes the readers of the *Kindergarten* will begin the study of Botany, and will see some of the wonderful ways God has provided for the life of plants, but don't wait for that time; use your eyes now watching the flowers in your gardens and by the wayside and you will find beauties and wonders of which you have never dreamed.—*The Kindergarten*.

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lived, he espied a dove struggling in the water. By some means the poor little creature had fallen into the river and was unable to escape. The little count immediately rolled a large washing tub which had been left near to the water's edge, got into it, and, though generally very timid on the water, by the aid of a stick he managed to steer himself across the river to the place where the dove lay floating and struggling. With the bird in his arms he guided the tub back, and got safely to land. After warming his little captive tenderly in his bosom, the boy ran with it into the wood and set it free. His mother, who had watched the whole transaction with trembling anxiety for his safety from her bedroom window, now came out. "But were you not afraid?" she asked. "Yes, I was, rather," answered the little boy; "but I could not bear that it should die so; you know, mother, its little ones might have been watching for it to come home."—*Record and Appeal*.

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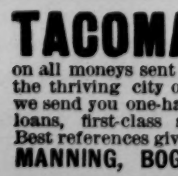
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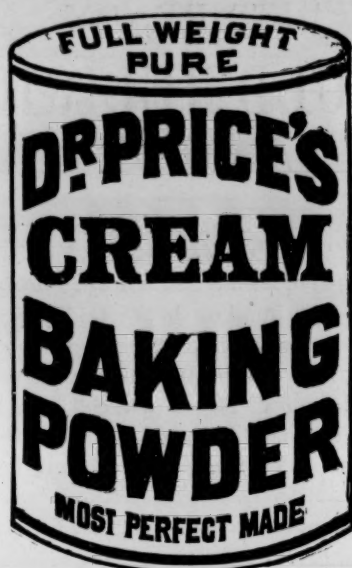
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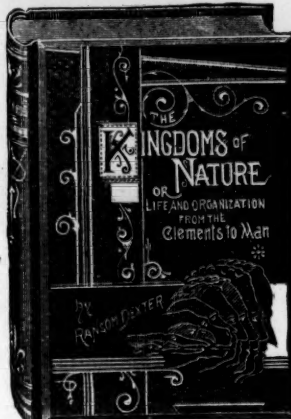


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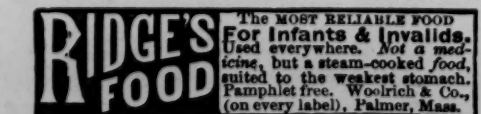
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